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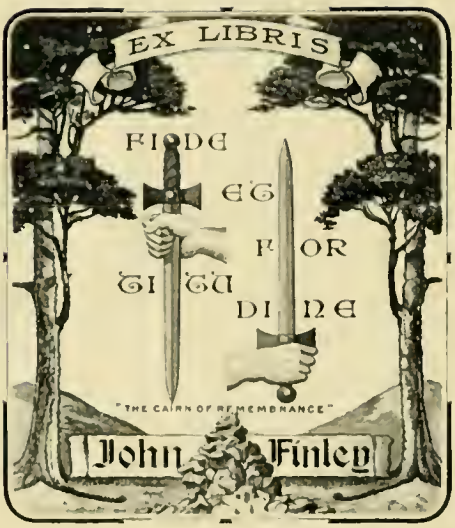
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"THE CAIRN OF REMEMBRANCE"
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FOR

SENATOR WILLIAM E. CROW

HELD BY

The Bench and Bar of Fayette County, Pennsylvania, on December 28, 1922, in open Court, Judges John Q. Van Swearingen, Edmund H. Reppert and James C. Work presiding.

[1922]
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Hon. WOODA N. CARR. May it please the Court. At a meeting of the Bar Association of Fayette county held this day resolutions relative to our late member, Senator William E. Crow, were adopted, with instructions that they be presented to the Court and a motion made that they be made a part of the records of the Courts. The resolutions read:

"WILLIAM E. CROW.

"To the Fayette County Bar Association:

William Evans Crow, late senior United States Senator from Pennsylvania, a son of Josiah B. and Elizabeth McCombs Crow, was born in German township, Fayette county, Pennsylvania, March 10, 1870, and died at his country estate at Chalk Hill, in the mountains above Uniontown, August 2, 1922. Senator Crow received the advantages of the country schools, taught his home school two terms, graduated from the South-Western State Normal School at California, Pa., and studied at Waynesburg College until 1892, when he engaged in newspaper work at Pittsburgh and later in Uniontown. He was admitted to the Fayette County Bar, December 1, 1895. The following year he was appointed assistant district attorney of Fayette county, serving in that position until 1899, when, having been elected district attorney, he filled that office for the full term of three years. He early developed an aptitude for politics, serving first as secretary and later as chairman of the Republican County Committee. In 1913 he was elected chairman of the Pennsylvania Republican State Central Committee, which position he held until the time of his

death. In 1906 he was elected to membership in the Pennsylvania State Senate, and was re-elected in 1910, 1914 and 1918, and at an early date became the leader of that body. At the close of the session of 1909 he was elected president pro tem. of the Senate and was re-elected in 1911. While still in the State Senate he was appointed by Governor William C. Sproul, on October 17, 1921, a member of the Senate of the United States, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Senator Philander C. Knox, and took the oath of office on October 24, 1921.

Senator Crow, on March 24, 1897, was married to Miss Adelaide Curry, and to them were born four children, Evans, William, Warren and Elinore Jane, the last named of whom died in infancy. On September 1, 1905, Senator Crow formed a law partnership with S. Ray Shelby, now a member of the Pennsylvania Public Service Commission, under the firm name of Crow & Shelby, and in March, 1919, Edward O. Tabor was admitted to the partnership, the firm name then becoming Crow, Shelby & Tabor. Senator Crow was a prominent Free Mason. He served as head of various local Masonic bodies, and in 1919 he was made a 33° Mason. He was a member of the Church Hill Presbyterian Church, at McClellandtown, in the township in which he was born, having united with that church in his boyhood and continued his membership there until the time of his death.

For twenty years Senator Crow was an outstanding character in his home county and state. Into those twenty years were crowded ceaseless activities, such as come into but few lives of much greater length. It was not his nature to shirk any duty he felt called upon to perform, and he accepted no trust without a full realization of its responsibilities. Endowed by nature with a strong physique, a keen analytical mind, and an unlimited capacity for work, Senator Crow never knew an idle moment. He possessed unusual qualities of leadership. He was blessed with a genial personality, tact, and unfailing good sense. His broad experience gave him a keen insight into human nature and made him a rare judge of men. He was a diligent student

of political history and had a firm grasp of all public questions. He numbered among his friends many men of national eminence. The gracious tribute paid him by President Harding in visiting his bedside and offering his message of cheer and encouragement, when passing through Uniontown to his home in Marion, is but an evidence of the high regard in which Senator Crow was held by those most prominent in national affairs.

Death thus tragically ended a life in which the irony of fate played a peculiarly conspicous role. It had been the life-long and most cherished ambition of this distinguished son of Fayette county to represent his native state of Pennsylvania in the Senate at Washington, and he realized it, but not until, in spite of his having barely reached his prime, the shadow of the grim specter was falling across his path. When he was appointed to succeed the late Senator Knox, an incurable disease already had fastened itself upon him. His life aim thus was gratified and denied almost at the same time.

We meet today to pay our humble tribute to Senator Crow, who was ever an active and honored member of this bar. In this hour of sorrow, any words seem cold, futile and unavailing. The tributes that we would pay to the memory of this illustrious son of Fayette county, who, by leadership, advanced, step by step, to position, first of county, then of state, and finally of national responsibility, honor and power, are those tributes of the heart and spirit which are incapable of translation into mere words. In such a time as this we can but stand with bowed heads and offer up our sincere heart homage to the lovable personality of him whom we called friend and who called us friend.

Senator Crow's career strikingly illustrates the opportunities that are open to the American youth. He rose from farm boy to teacher, to journalism, to law, to political leadership, not only because he had ambition and determination but because he had a remarkable personality as well, and nothing connected with his life was so pronounced as this personality.

Dr. William Hamilton Spence, in his beautiful tribute at the funeral of Senator Crow, said:

'Personality, that vague, indefinable something that singles out one from the many, establishes distinction, is assertive yet attractive, giving an unmistakable sense of the possessor being all there, at every moment, and at every point of his contact with people and affairs—one could not but feel that Senator Crow was a personality, a force within himself, compelling and virile; moved more from within than without; daring to think his own thoughts and repose upon his own convictions.

This qualified him for leadership; endowed him with initiative. Leadership came to him as a birthright. Nature intended him to be a leader.

He possessed personal qualities that drew people to him—that, because he was lovable, kindly and sympathetic.

By these he led quite as much as by special abilities to command, exceptional though these were.

Kindly of disposition by nature, he preferred to be generous, and to be attentive to the interests of others, a trait most easily misconstrued, especially in a public man, to be but a means to one's own ambitious ends! But those who knew Senator Crow well, and could impartially judge, knew that his kindliness was not assumed, nor motived by sinister purpose. It was his own disposition functioning naturally. Never too tired to listen to the wants of others, however humble of station, never too busy to make attempt to relieve them.

I alluded to his gift of making friends. To be sure he had enemies, rather antagonists! But what of these he had were not personal but political, incidental to any man in public life! As such they were periodic, rather than continuous; and as such, were of the most forgiving and forgetting kind. The kind of enmities that were aroused came and went, leaving no rancor behind; for he was a man hard to dislike.

His virtues were his own, were of the fibre of his

own manhood; what faults were attributed to him as a public man, we shall be ready to say were mainly those of the system, the political environment amid which he worked and aspired.

I think that distinction may frankly, and must fairly, be made, in varying degrees, with every one of us.

Every man is himself plus his environment; and it is within and by means of just that environment he must work out his life accomplishments.

It is enough for us to prize and appraise the virtues that another has made his own, that he has fought for and accomplished, and to leave the rest with God, who will doubtless generously sift out the grain from the chaff and credit to us all the equity that our lives have accumulated.

Strong of will, fixed of purpose, and with so much to live for, a future seemingly but begun in a larger way, his ambition and dream, a future promising to become national as well as state, it was not easy for him to yield voluntarily to the last clear call.

But, with the grace of God, he fought it out, and could say, "Thy will be done." When fought out there came to him a peace, a strength not his own, the resignation not of compulsion, but of trust in the wisdom of Him to whom no life is fragmentary or unfinished however seemingly foreshortened or brief. At fifty-two years of age he passed from our midst, dead too soon for himself and for us. But in the Sacred Book we are told that with God the years of man's life—as his acts—are not computed but weighed.

In conclusion I may say, as an efficient servant of the people in his eminent sphere, the commonwealth owes him its gratitude, and an enduring place in its public memory.

It may well be, too, that with no little pride this community may remember that it fitted him for and gave him to the commonwealth, reflecting upon it, as

he did, the lustre of a record many might envy, and leaving behind him a vacancy not many can fill.

Mighty always is the hallowing influence of death upon us. His more than most.

In its presence is forgotten every resentment, buried every defect. It causes us to recall the departed only at their best, and to bestow upon them only our charity and love.

Well should it induce us to bestow upon the living only our forbearance and aid!'

What thought, what tribute, could be more appropriate at a time and meeting such as this than these words of Dr. Spence?

Whereas, with this sentiment in mind, the members of the Fayette county Bar have convened in solemn session to record the untimely death of Senator Crow, therefore,

Be it resolved: That we thus pay our deepest respects to one who brought honor to his profession, the law, and marked distinction to this association in which he proudly held membership; who, as citizen, public official, statesman, friend, in making a career for himself, found pleasure in making life brighter for others; who, in serving his party efficiently and zealously ever was magnanious to foe, and counted his legion of friends not by party tie; who, in answering the call of trust, responsibility and honor in affairs of state and nation, never for a moment forgot his home town, his home county and his home friends, their interests and needs; and, furthermore,

Be it resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the wife and family of Senator Crow; that copies be given to the newspapers of the county for publication; that these resolutions be spread upon our minutes;

and that they be presented to the Court for appropriate action.

Respectfully submitted,

J. Q. VAN SWEARINGEN,
E. H. REPPERT,
R. E. UMBEL,
H. S. DUMBAULD,
S. JOHN MORROW,
M. M. COCHRAN
W. N. CARR,

Committee on Resolutions."

If your Honors please, in obedience to the instructions of the Bar Association, I move that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our courts and that appropriate record be made thereof.

The COURT. The members of the bar have heard the motion. Are there any remarks to be made thereon?

May it please the Court.

I think I can say, without a dissenting voice, that the members of this Bench and Bar would rather that William E. Crow were living than dead.

Oh, the mortality of this Bench and Bar.

A feeling of sadness comes over me when I recount that, since my admission, fast approaching sixty-three years, eight Judges of the Court and more than four-score members of the Bar have entered the "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

Some of them I knew intimately well. With most of them I was more or less personally acquainted. Some of them reached the highest niche in the profession. All of them had aspirations realized, to a greater or less fulfillment. Some of them staked their lives in their country's cause and came home with their country's flag as their winding sheet. Some of them died in the open doorway, never to enter the coveted storehouse of the profession.

And this leads me to say, as I have, perhaps, said before, that if the economies of life and death were delegated to human control, they would differ from those of the Divine.

We would save the lives of those we love; would build great eleemosynary institutions for the disabled and indigent poor; would commend the survival of the fittest; would prolong the days of those who by right living and honest endeavor had energized and strengthened the uplift of their fellow men; we surely would have lengthened the life of him whose untimely and tragic death we mourn today.

Not so the Divine. The king and his subjects, the lord and his vassals, the rich and the poor, the learned and

the unlearned, the just and the unjust are the subjects of a common carnage of death.

The law is all pervasive, and evasive, and rules in the lower orders of nature. It enters the forest and fells the towering oak, and saves the tender undergrowth; enters the garden and plucks the fairest flower, full of bloom and sweet perfume, and passes by the redundant daisy; enters the field of the husbandman and blasts the full grown ear and saves the hurtful and noxious tare.

You ask the reason why, and I can only take you back to Holy Writ and there find written: "He so loved, so ordained, so it seemed good in His sight;" and upon that little adverb is hinged the door that divides human knowledge, human economy, from infinite wisdom.

There are many incidents in the life and character of Senator Crow which I like to call to remembrance.

His immediate ancestors were of the highest type of yeomen; honest, thrifty, frugal, aggressive and progressive in the ordinary affairs of life; well educated and of strong moral convictions; but back of these there was a vein of mentality which flowed in a higher groove, and at times cropped out and reveled in the upper ether of statesmanship, journalism, politics, law and literature, and even in the field of religious vocations. I might mention the name of one of his fore-bears who sailed the seas time and time again, stood unabashed before Kings and rehearsed the wonderful deeds of christian men in heathen lands. Another who was the counsel of Presidents; high in the affairs of State and the peer of all in the profession of Law. Another whose editorials, lectures and narratives are read with pleasure and profit by millions of his fellow-men.

In this galaxy, for ardent endeavor and ultimate success, I would register the name of our departed brother.

I might go farther and say that the blood of three different and distinct peoples coursed through his veins; that of old indomitable Dutch Holland, that gave to the world such men as William the Silent, the Knickerbockers and the Roosevelts; that of the Anglo-Saxons, whom we sometimes call our mother people, and who, strange to say, struck the

first blow for their ascendency, in North America, in a little fastness, within firing distance of the Senator's beautiful mountain home, the historic region where Washington rose and Braddock fell; and last, but not least, that of brawny Scotchmen, who came down the rough trails of our mountains with rifle on shoulder, axe in hand, hunting-knife and Bible under their belts; felled our forests, cultivated our lands, formed social and civic communities, built our school houses and our churches.

It would seem, methinks, that such a trinity of blood would make a weak man strong, a timid man brave; but Senator Crow was neither weak nor timid, and it made of him a broad, conservative, lovable, American man.

He loved the mountains, there he lived again the life of his youthful days. There was his retreat, away from the maddening crowd, away from turbulent and tiresome public affairs. There he found "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." I sometimes think of him as Hamlet thought of his old friend Yorick; his wit, his fancy, "infinite . . . . most excellent." I think of him, sometimes, in his transient treatment of often unjust and cruel criticism. The most envenomed shaft left no poison in his heart, and the deeper the thrust seemed only the more to tickle his mirth.

I think of him as a boy, out on the watersheds of old Dunlaps Creek, with an aspiration, which full grown men, men of national renown, had often cherished, but never realized; and how he nursed and nourished that ambition in the school room, in the college, in the press room, in the courts and in legislative halls; and then to think how cruel fate should ordain that it be crushed and slain in the very hour of its consummation, its exaltation.

I carry him back with me, in person, in imagery, in kinship, through the thinned and ever thinning ranks of four generations, and even in the historic beyond, when his ancestors, and mine, were living and struggling in the woods primeval, a veritable no man's land, under the fluctuating dominion of two contending and even hostile commonwealths; before this historic country was named,

before this honorable court was organized, before this imperial Republic was founded.

I bring him back today to say that he is not dead to memory, but that he lives in the affectionate remembrance of this Bench and Bar, and the loyal hearts of the multitude with whom he was associated in the affairs of life.

A man of many sides. Frank and joyful in his social relations; artful, strenuous, constructive, and wonderfully successful in his political career; but above and beyond all his earthly attainments was his kindly thought of his old church, on the sloping hillside, not far from his boyhood home, and which he hallowed in his last will and testament with a generous benefaction, and where he was taught the gospel of time and eternity, that "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever." So be it, and thus we leave him, not hopeless and forever desolate, for we have the consoling Scriptural antithesis that while we now see through a glass darkly, sometime, somewhere, we shall again see face to face, and know as we are known.

May it please the Court.

I wish to take advantage of this opportunity to offer a humble tribute to the memory of one whom I had the pleasure of knowing well all my life. I do not wish to speak of Senator Crow as a statesman, or as a lawyer, for there are others who know his attainments as such better than I, but I do wish to speak of him as a friend and of some of the pre-eminent qualities of his friendship. Long ago I saw in him the things so many others have seen—the traits of character that attracted and drew one to him in ever lasting friendship. Those qualities without which, no true friendship can exist.

His friendship was unselfish. It was borne of a gentle disposition. It came of an innate desire to help others, for the sake of helping, and not from any motive of material gain to himself. "Value received" had no place in his nature. There are many who can testify to his material help, given freely and without thought of return. Many people have benefitted through him in a material way, without knowing their benefactor, because of this quality which he possessed in such high degree. So many times a selfish desire is mistaken for real friendship. This was not true of Senator Crow. He attained that which is the highest and fullest meaning of the word Friend.

His friendship was sincere. It was free from hypocrisy or pretense. He did not assume a friendship for effect or prestige. Had he desired that result he would have sought friends among men in high positions of wealth and influence only. His friendship extended to all walks of life; to the obscure toiler as well as the brilliant financier or statesman; to the struggling student, as well as the most noted educator; to the young lawyer as well as the leader

of the profession; to those by the wayside as well as those more fortunate. His friendship was not limited to any class. He believed there was some good in every man.

His friendship was steadfast. It did not vary with each passing mood, nor did it lessen with changing conditions, or advancing years. Even though he realized the ambition of his life and attained a high position in the Councils of the Nation, he never forgot a friendship formed years ago when he was struggling for a place at the Bar. When he had become United States Senator from Pennsylvania he was as much interested in his friends as when he was Assistant District Attorney of Fayette county. He understood the weaknesses of men and because of that understanding, helped them to overcome their frailties, through his kindness and sympathy. When the past seemed a failure and the future hopeless, it was his constancy and encouragement that gave many men the heart to stand up again and renew the struggle.

I voice the thought of many when I say that his firm friendship was their source of courage. When it seemed that all others had forsaken them, even when others sought to destroy, he was steadfast, a bulwark of strength, a beacon of hope.

Having observed these qualities of unselfishness, sincerity and steadfastness, we may well ask whence they came. Surely they did not come from cultivation. They could not come from a studied design or intent, for if that were so, his friendships would have ended long ere he was aware. These qualities cannot be cultivated or acquired in a way to endure. They must be a part of the very nature of the man and can only come through Him who is the giver of every perfect gift.

May it please the Court.

In assenting to the motion and offering a word in appreciation of our departed friend and fellow member of the Bar of Fayette county, I am impressed with the thought that, according to the years of man's life, it might well have been expected that he would stand in the place now occupied by me, when I had gone to the rest and peace of that sleep which sooner or later awaits us all. But Fate has decreed otherwise.

It were vain for me to attempt to add to the words of eulogy already pronounced, here and elsewhere, upon the man of affairs, the United States Senator, William Evans Crow. Besides, it was Billy Crow, both as man and boy, who made and held for himself a place in my heart, and of whom I would rather speak today. And in speaking thus, I feel assured of the understanding and sympathy of that larger audience of his intimates to each of whom he was friend, and each, in turn, was friend to him, and all of whom will fondly cherish his name and keep alive their recollections of him, when to that lesser number,—his associates in public life,—he has become a fast fading memory, to be recalled only upon the mention of his name.

From his earliest childhood, throughout all the years of his life, even to the end of his days, did I know him, intimately and well at all times. The boy early gave promise of the man to be. A kindly, considerate and helpful brother, an obedient, loving and dutiful son, respectful to all his elders, ever considerate of the rights of others, he was a universal favorite with all who knew him,—particularly so with the friends and associates of his boyhood days.

And then came the broadening of his life's horizon, and with it the high hopes, the aspirations, and the ambi-

tions of youth and young manhood,—and even then a sensing of the latent power within him that in later years was to make him a leader among his fellows, and carry him to the high places in the councils of the state and nation.

He entered upon the practice of law well equipped in mind and body for the duties pertaining thereto, and early demonstrated his ability in the line of his chosen profession. Soon called upon to represent the people as prosecuting attorney, he discharged the duties of his office with fidelity and with credit both to himself and the county at large.

Being by nature well equipped for the management and direction of affairs to which he gave his attention, his ability as an organizer and director of affairs political was early recognized by the leaders of his party,—first at home and then throughout the state, and thereafter he was called upon and required to devote much of his time,—even to the end,—to the service of his party. And while as a political leader, he met with almost universal success, yet, as I know from personal knowledge, gained by more than one well remembered talk, party achievement and dominance held but second place in his heart, and his keenest enjoyment and pleasure were to be found and came to him in the practice of his chosen profession. And though, in the latter years, the demands of party were ever increasing and onerous, yet, he never permitted them to entirely divorce him from the law, and from time to time he was found before the Court prosecuting the cause he had espoused with undiminished force and vigor. It so chanced that the last time he thus appeared in Court, I was of opposing counsel, and, as it seemed to me, never before did he display greater ability as a trial lawyer, keener perception of the strength of his own position, and intuitively distinguishing and striking with telling effect at the weaker places of his opposition.

That William Evans Crow aimed high, that he traveled far along his projected way of life, and accomplished much are admitted facts. The question, then, very naturally arises, what was the motive, the compelling force of his

varied efforts and successes? As was said on the day we laid him to rest, and quoted from in the resolutions now before the Court, and speaking as one who knew him long and well, I unhesitatingly answer: It was his disposition of mind and character, or, in other words, that indescribable something peculiar to every one, and as different and varied as there are individuals, that, for the want of a better word, we call personality. To my mind, Billy Crow's personality had much to do with the shaping of the aims and purposes of his life, and, unconsciously, perhaps, aided him materially in bringing these aims and purposes into accomplished facts. It was this characteristic, more than anything else that distinguished him from his fellows of equal ability and opportunity; that made him, as has been so well said, "a man hard to dislike," and may we add, one easy to admire and follow.

While yet, according to his numbered years, a young man, while yet in the mid-summer of life, he attained the acme of his desires and ambitions, a place among the chief counselors of the nation, well equipped by natural aptitude and years of experience for the discharge of the duties pertaining thereto. That a stern Fate should intervene and prevent him from entering upon a career that gave promise of added luster to his name and fame is a tragedy before which we stand appalled, and question as we may, we cannot understand.

Perhaps, nay we are inclined to say we believe, that in the days that followed the accomplishment of his greatest political ambition and desire, when in quest of health, and with time for meditation, he came to understand and know why the seemingly natural hopes and hot desires of life should be denied him,—and so understanding became reconciled,—for, while we of the busy work-a-day world understand but vaguely the processes of life, and, consequently, cry out in protest against the harshness of a Fate before which our stricken hopes lie bruised and broken, yet do I believe that to those whose shadows are lengthening from the west, to those who have crossed the Mountain of Care and have come to kneel in the Valley of Prayer, there comes

a keener vision, with a fuller comprehension of life's mysteries and its problems, and the clouds with which life's busier way is o'ercast are lifted, and through the rift, perhaps, is glimpsed the farther shore of that sea that rolls from time to eternity, but never this way, and to which all life's ways lead and upon which all at last must take voyage,—and so seeing, so believing, so comprehending, they bow in meek submission to the superior wisdom of Him, who, after all, directs and controls the destinies of men, and say "Not my will but Thine."

Let us hope, nay let us believe that this is true of him, our friend, to whose name and memory we pay our common tribute of respect on this occasion.

That he is dead we, as yet, hardly comprehend. Still do we yearn for the cheery smile and the hearty hand clasp with which he was wont to greet us. We know, however, that when the healing herb of time has wrought the cure that comes only with the years, we will become accustomed to his absence, and the sorrow with which our hearts were filled when we laid him to rest will have become mellowed and tempered with the ever increasing anticipation of meeting and greeting him again upon that farther shore to which he has set his sail.

And though with mortal eye we may not glimpse the fields Elysian, perchance from thence he visions us. If so, and if the hopes and desires, the loves and affections of the human heart are in any way a part of the life beyond, then this presence and the action here taken this day will give an added charm to the enjoyment of the soul of him to whom we pay our common tribute of respect,—for, to be remembered, to feel that when the curtain falls at last upon the little parts that we have played upon the stage of life, and we have gone our way alone into the great Adventure, we shall have a place in the grateful remembrance of those with whom we part, always has been, is, and ever will be dear to the human heart. Therefore, we hope, we would believe that from somewhere beyond the stars Billy Crow's eyes look down upon us seeing all, knowing all.

We will ever treasure the memories of the past of which he was a part, and,

On his grave where ruddy rose and stately lily
With laurel wreath entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly
This simple spray of Mountain Pine.

ADDRESS OF D. W. McDONALD, Esq.

May it please the Court.

To no one would fulsome praise be more distasteful than to Senator Crow. And yet I think it but fitting that we should speak of his excellences and give expression to our esteem, admiration and affection.

Senator Crow had splendid qualities of mind and heart. He had a fine intellect. He was an able lawyer. As an advocate he was eloquent and persuasive. He had one quality, however, that comes not from training—not from school, college or university. I mean leadership. A rare quality is that, given to few men. But Senator Crow was a born leader. Men intuitively turned to him for guidance and leadership.

He was kind, generous and frank; outspoken and unselfish; daring, brave and courageous. "The fear of man never fell upon him; it never entered into his thoughts." But withal, he was gentle and loving. Truly it may be said of him, as of few men:

> "This was the noblest Roman of them all:
> All the conspirators, save only he,
> Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
> He only, in a general honest thought
> And common good to all, made one of them.
> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world 'This was a man!' "

All too frequent have become these meetings. I have attended exercises in this room in memory of the great leaders of the Bar, as, one by one, they have passed beyond. In the early days, Mr. Boyle, Mr. Playford, Mr. Howell, Mr.

Parshall, Col. Searight, Mr. Kaine, and others; in later years, Mr. Lindsey, Col. Boyd, Mr. Frank M. Fuller, Judge Nathaniel Ewing and Justice Mestrezat; and in recent years, A. F. Cooper and Plummer Austin—and now comes Senator Crow. Surely it is true that "death loves a shining mark."

In his little book entitled "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" Ian Maclaren follows the principal character, Doctor Maclure, to the close of a long life of usefulness and unselfish service. A man of more than passing ability and strength of character was he—a born physician, so much so, that he had attracted the attention of the great specialists of Edinburgh and had received flattering offers of wider and more lucrative practice in the metropolis. But all these offers were refused and the doctor gave his life in ministering to the wants and needs of his staunch, but lowly friends and neighbors.

In the chapter preceding the last, entitled "The Doctor's Last Journey." the author depicts in his own matchless style, the last days and hours of a busy life. The last chapter is "The Mourning of the Glen," where he speaks of the burial—a wonderful outpouring of the people, expressive of the love and affection in which he was held. Notwithstanding the greatest snowstorm of a century, all Drumtochty was there. Drumsleigh, and Davidson, and Tammas; Saunders, and Campbell, and Jamie Souter, and Lachlan; and, too, the lords and the ladies. All poured forth in silent but earnest and sincere tribute to the memory of their faithful neighbor and friend.

The funeral of Senator Crow was most remarkable. Statesmen of national repute were there; the executive and judiciary of state and county; captains of industry, too. But above all, and reflecting the esteem and affection in which he was held by those who knew him best, were his old neighbors and friends; the poor, the humble; and many a recipient of his generous, but unheralded, bounty, all to pay tribute, in a generous affection.

Quoting from Dickens, in the Old Curiosity Shop: "Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and

helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round his tomb."

At the death of Lincoln, Walt Whitman wrote a short poem that attracted universal attention, illustrative of the striking down of a great life at the zenith of its power and usefulness. When Col. Roosevelt died, the great newspapers of the country printed the poem, and I think it not inappropriate upon this occasion:

"O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Hear Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse
nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage
closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with
object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."

Senator Crow realized his life's ambition, a boon the gods seldom bestow. It must have been a great moment to the Senator, when, in that chamber in Washington, rich in the memories of the past, where had sounded forth, for a century, the eloquence and patriotism of the nation's greatest statesmen; in the presence of his aged father, his loving wife and sons, his devoted brothers and sisters—and also the old neighbors and friends who had followed his fortunes through success and failure, through victory and defeat, he took the oath of office as United States Senator.

But the mark of death was already upon him. His quest of health was a fruitless one from the beginning. First, by the waves of the sea, where in restless cadence, the tides ebbed and flowed; then in the hospital where, led by his devoted brother, all of medical skill and science sought in vain to stay the inroads of disease, and where the good Sisters of Mercy ministered with loving and tender care to his every want; and finally in the mountains he loved so well and where he communed with nature in her gentler moods, his spirit at last went out into the great future, into the keeping of the God who gave it.

He had his faults. None knew them better than did he. But his career shows the possibilities of American youth and his life will long linger a sweet memory in the hearts of those who knew and loved him so well, and be a lasting inspiration to kindly and noble and unselfish deeds.

ADDRESS OF JUDGE E. H. REPPERT.

In a bar of limited membership such as this we come to know each other well. There is little in a man's character or equipment that remains unrevealed. Probably no other of our members possessed so intimate an acquaintance with his professional brethren as did the late Senator Crow. He was the friend of all and all were his friends. And while in paying tribute to his memory we do well to express our appreciation of his great ability, his professional attainments and his public service, yet more impelling is the call of intimate and sincere personal friendship. Sympathetic and helpful in disposition, of more than generous impulse, always ready to take up another's burdens forgetful of his own—and his own were heavy—he literally spent himself for others. Loyal and faithful himself, he attributed the same virtues to those with whom he was associated. That he was at times the victim of selfishness and self-interest was inevitable. Yet he cherished no resentments, and in clearing away misunderstandings no man had to go half way to meet him.

His early career at the bar gave great promise of distinction. To some of us who were familiar with it, it was always a matter of regret, from a professional point of view, that he practically forsook the law for public life. The law is a jealous mistress and in the bestowal of her favors she does not tolerate a divided allegiance. His judgment as to the controlling features of a case and its conduct was sure. His skill—sometimes it seemed intuition—in examination and cross-examination was almost unerring, and he possessed a rare gift of forcible and convincing argument before a jury. If he had given to his profession the assiduous labor and devotion that other interests claimed, his reputation and success as a lawyer it seems certain

would have equaled, if not surpassed, that which he attained in other fields.

He went far, but his life's journey came to an end all too soon, apparently before the limit of his capacity for eminent service had been reached. We know not why he was thus cut off. "Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left," the Sacred writer says.

"Just once for each the white ship touches port;
Though none behold the sails nor sound is heard;
Yet while one waits,
Friend after friend goes silently aboard
The unseen ship, and onward sails toward
The golden gates."

The COURT. The motion before the Court is granted, and it is ordered that the resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Court of Common Pleas and upon the Court record of the Orphans' Court, and that they be given a separate number and spread upon the Continuance Docket of the Court of Common Pleas.